Magnetic

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Magnetic

by KamenWriterEvil

Summary

They were magnets, repelling one another fiercely, but still struggling to come together like this.

Notes

I really wanted to try my hand at writing something for Orb, and chose to forego dialogue almost entirely so I didn't have to worry about writing anyone out of character.

There's a 30 day writing challenge I haven't done anything for until today, and the word was "magnetic", so I felt like that worked pretty well for Gai and Jug. Idk. I'm still sad about Orbigins, ok?

When Juggler appeared before him, his lips quirking up in his usual crazed smirk, Gai didn't think it would be different than any other encounter. He had no reason to think otherwise, especially when Juggler darted forward, his fist whizzing past Gai's ear as he sidestepped.

He knew how Juggler operated by now. He doubted that his old friend was anything resembling sane by this point, but he could still read him like an open book.

Or so he thought.

Juggler managed to dodge all of Gai's attacks, and the next thing he knew, Juggler was mere inches away from him. Then he was closing the distance, and teeth were nipping sharply at his neck.

A yelp of surprise left Gai's lips, and his hand moved up to Juggler's hair, fingers closing around the dark strands and giving a half-hearted tug, trying to dislodge him. But Juggler was stubbornly attached like a tick that had gotten under his skin; he wouldn't let go until he was damn good and ready.

And he was definitely not ready to let go, Gai realized, feeling insistent hands running across his body, before they wound up in a tangle on the concrete, Juggler's mouth moving to another spot on his neck, biting and sucking at the skin as his fingers moved to Gai's belt.

How long had it been like this? Years? A lifetime? They were on opposing sides, it seemed, but there was still something between them. They were magnets, repelling one another fiercely, but still struggling to come together like this.

Juggler's lips left his neck for just a moment as he began lowering himself onto Gai's shaft, a puff of hot breath tickling across his neck.

"You're going to hurt yourself."

Juggler's only response was a low growl, before pressing his lips aggressively against Gai's for just a moment as he continued rocking back, bringing Gai further into his body, inch by inch, not even taking a moment to adjust before he began to ride him, awkwardly and aggressively, due to their positioning on the ground and the fact that their clothing was only pushed down far enough to make penetration possible.

Juggler was so damn reckless and impulsive, Gai thought to himself, groaning softly, his nails digging into the soft flesh of Juggler's hip. Juggler made a sound halfway between a growl and a moan, before shoving his forehead against Gai's shoulder as his pace quickened. His hands moved to Gai's back, dragging his nails slowly down the skin, unable to keep from smirking when he heard Gai inhale shakily.

Then his mouth sought out Gai's neck once again, his lips fastening around the skin just in time to muffle his cry of completion. Gai's hips snapped up against his body a handful of times more, then a low groan was echoing in the alley as he came.

Their lips met once more, and despite the traces of blood that Gai could taste on Juggler's lips, it was much more tender than he could have believed possible from him.

Then Juggler was shoving him away, and in the span of a blink, he was gone.

Gai struggled to calm his pounding heart, before reaching down to set his clothing to rights. It took several moments more before he felt steady enough to get to his feet, and he slowly left the alley, stopping to buy a bottle of ramune on his way back to SSP's headquarters.

The first words he heard upon entering the small building were "Gai-san, what happened to your neck?" and too late, he recalled the taste of blood on Juggler's lips.

Well, shit.

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